

# The Musical World.

(REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST-OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.)

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VOL. 58.—No. 41.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1880.

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**CRYSTAL PALACE.—FIRST SATURDAY CONCERT,**  
THIS DAY (SATURDAY), October 9th, at Three o'clock. The Programme will include—Overture, *Euryanthe* (Weber); Concertstück, in G, for piano and orchestra, Op. 92 (Schumann); Symphony, "In Summer Time," No. 9, in E minor (Raff); Pianoforte Solos: "The Ride of the Valkyrie" (Wagner). Vocalist—Mrs Osgood. Pianoforte—Mme Montigny-Rémaury. Conductor—Mr AUGUST MANN.

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**NOTICE.**

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**M**DME EDITH MURRAY and **M**R JOHN CROSS will sing NICOLAI's charming Duet at the Cavendish Rooms, Nov. 3.

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**M**R JOHN CROSS will sing "WHY DID I LOVE HER?" (composed for him by HENRY PONTET) at the Cavendish Rooms, Nov. 3, and throughout the Season.

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**M**R MICHAEL WATSON will play his popular Valse de Concert "SABRINA," at the City of London College, on Saturday, Oct. 16.

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## NEW VOCAL QUARTET.

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"This song has had special favours bestowed upon it. The composer, Mrs Gould, is well known for her efforts on behalf of the Victoria Hospital for Children at Chelsea. Concerts organized to raise funds for that excellent institution by this lady have always been highly successful, and Mrs Osgood's singing of "The Time of Roses" has been a feature of each entertainment. Bouquets and baskets of the queen of flowers were offered on more than one occasion as applause. Two settings of the song—one in A flat for soprano, and one in F for contraltos—can be had. Of late years amateur musicians are entering the field with professionals, not only as executants, but as composers."—*Literary World*.

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"On the golden sands, on the golden sands,  
When the sun set over the sea,  
And revealed the shore of the far off lands,  
I wandered there with thee.  
We heard the flow of the ceaseless waves,  
And watched their foam-touched crest,  
And our hearts were full of mystery,  
And sweet, unfathomed rest."

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"**H**ER VOICE." IGNAZ GIBSON'S popular Song (poetry by "A Soldier's Daughter"), sung by Mdme ENRIQUEZ, is published, price 4s., by DUNCAN DAVIDSON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

## POPULAR PROMENADE CONCERTS.

Under the above title a new series of concerts began at Covent Garden Theatre on Saturday night, the *entrepreneur* being Mr Samuel Hayes, who is well experienced in such matters. That Mr Hayes is desirous of maintaining the character of these entertainments is evident. He has secured the assistance of a numerous orchestra, complete in every department, every member being a skilful and experienced performer. To direct this body of executants, moreover, he has engaged Mr Weist Hill, who by general consent is admitted to be foremost among English conductors. We are given to understand that at these concerts the "popular" taste will be chiefly consulted, the so-termed "classical" element ceasing to be the rule and becoming the exception. At the same time, the orchestral compositions of the great masters are not altogether to be held in abeyance—which is only just to Mr Weist Hill, who, with his splendid orchestra (consisting for the most part of English players), gave a performance of Rossini's picturesque and magnificent overture to *Guillaume Tell* equal to any in our remembrance, thereby at once satisfying the most critical among the audience with regard to the merits and efficiency of this very important department. Passing over the gavotte in F by that distinguished bibliographer and earnest musician, M. Bourgault-Ducoudray, a charming bagatelle, in its way, redolent of the old French school of Rameau, &c., as our amateurs have previously had the opportunity of judging, and Herr Engel's playful *scherzo*, "Elle et Lui," the characteristic orchestral suite, entitled *L'Arlesienne* (one of two, the worth of which is tolerably well balanced), was also executed with a spirit and *finesse* that left absolutely nothing to desire, and was appreciated accordingly. This argues well for the promised symphony, the only work of the kind bequeathed to his art by the regretted Georges Bizet, to whom we are indebted for *Carmen*, the most original and captivating opera of recent years. An admirably contrived "selection" from Sir Michael Costa's ballet of *Alma*, written for Her Majesty's Theatre when the well-remembered Fanny Cerito was at her zenith, was the concluding piece in the first part of the programme. The themes in *Alma* are all melodious and spirited. The task of moulding them into a symmetrical orchestral piece could not have been intrusted to abler or more sympathetic hands than those of Mr Weist Hill, who has for so many years been one of the Neapolitan master's most valued co-operators. The applause bestowed upon this selection should encourage Mr Hill to prepare another from *Kenilworth*, Sir Michael Costa's first ballet in the early days of his conducting at the old Her Majesty's Theatre, long before he was allowed the opportunity at the Birmingham Festivals of 1855 and 1864 of proving to the world that he was a musician capable of winning distinction in the highest walks of art, by his oratorios *Eli* and *Naaman*.

In the engagement of Herr Josef Gung'l, the universally popular composer and conductor of dance music, Mr Hayes has added a specially attractive feature to the Covent Garden programmes. This gentleman, who will be remembered as being at the Promenade Concerts directed by M. Rivière in 1873, and those directed by M. Hervé the year after, conducts the performance of his own music with the spirit and energy for which he has long been noted. Several pieces from his pen were presented on Saturday night, among them being, of course, the well-known waltzes, "Soldaten Lieder" and "Amoretten Tanze," the polka, "Schön Suschen," and the mazurka, "Gedenke mein," all of which, played by the English orchestra as well as Herr Gung'l himself could have desired, were heard with the same pleasure, and applauded with the same fervour. In fact, Herr Gung'l, as of old, is clearly a welcome visitor. There was other dance music, by the way, including a brilliant set of quadrilles by M. Charles D'Albert, built upon themes from M. Audran's operetta, *Olivette*, an English version of which, produced but recently at the Strand Theatre, has been noticed in our columns, and a lively "schottische" by W. A. Montgomery, &c. To crown all, we had the late Jullien's famous "British Army Quadrille," which, to judge from its reception on Saturday, stands as high as ever in the estimation of the great mass of listeners. To describe this we shall not attempt, inasmuch as it is indescribable; but that it is the most effective *pièce d'occasion* of its kind will hardly be denied. For its performance, in addition to Mr Weist Hill's grand orchestra, delegates from the bands of the Life Guards, Scots Guards, London Rifle Brigade, 2nd Kent Artillery, &c., headed by their respective bandmasters, were engaged, and the result may be imagined. We have only space to add that the vocalists were Mmes Mary Cummings, Rosa Stuart, and Mathilde Zimeri; Messrs F. Wood, W. Clifford, and W. Woodfield; that the pianoforte accompanist was Mr Lindsay Sloper, who was associated with Mr J. Pittman on the harmonium in Mr Arthur Sullivan's "The Lost Chord," which, sung by Mde Cummings, was, as usual, encored, as was Wallace's "Let me like a soldier

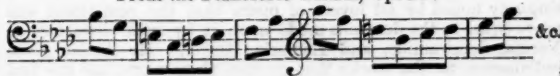
fall" (*Maritana*), sung with real dramatic expression by Mr Woodfield. The house was crammed in every part, and the whole concert a marked success.

## DROPS FROM A WATER-BOOK.

VI.

Beethoven seldom repeats himself, but look here and tremble, all Philistines!—

From the Pianoforte Sonata, Op. 26 :—



From the Pianoforte Variations in E flat :—



—the distinctions occurring at \* — \* \* \* PAUL MOIST.

LEEDS FESTIVAL.—Rehearsals of some of the most important pieces included in the programme of the forthcoming Leeds Triennial Musical Festival were given on Monday and Tuesday, under the direction of the new conductor, Mr Arthur Sullivan, who takes the post occupied in 1874 and 1877 by Sir Michael Costa, and in 1858 (the first Leeds meeting of the kind) by the late Sir Sterndale Bennett, who composed his *May Queen* for the occasion, when the opening of the new and splendid Town Hall was honoured by the presence of Her Majesty the Queen. This most genial and charming of pastoral cantatas since Handel's *Acis and Galatea* is to form one of the chief attractions of next week. The principal novelties rehearsed in St George's Hall were Mr John Francis Barnett's secular cantata, *The Building of the Ship*, for which Professor Longfellow supplies the text, and Mr Arthur Sullivan's *Martyr of Antioch*, a sacred cantata, the words selected from Dean Milman's poem of that name, both written expressly for Leeds. In the absence of the chorus it would be unfair to offer any decided opinion with regard to the absolute merits of either composition, but we are greatly mistaken if Mr Barnett's cantata does not solidly confirm the position at which he has arrived by unwearied industry, and if the *Martyr of Antioch* does not win new laurels for one who has honourably earned so many in various forms of his art. The general plan of the Festival programme may be briefly summed up. It begins on Wednesday morning with the (happily) "irrepressible" *Elijah*, which, in spite of the disciples of the "Zukunft," if only in consideration of its transcendent merits, is likely for years and years hence to be a prominent feature at all our great music-meetings, as it has been since August, 1846, when first produced at Birmingham under the direction of Mendelssohn himself—an occasion never to be forgotten. On Thursday morning we are promised Mr Walter Macfarren's overture, *Hero and Leander*, Mendelssohn's "When Israel out of Egypt came," Beethoven's Choral Symphony, and Bennett's *May Queen*; on Friday, Mr Sullivan's *Martyr of Antioch*, the *First Mass* of Beethoven, and Schubert's "Song of Miriam"—a programme the excellence of which may, it is hoped (and doubtless will), atone for its length. *The Last Judgment* of Spohr, the second part of Haydn's *Creation*, and the "Gloria" from Handel's "Utrecht Jubilate" (which opened the Festival held in York Cathedral as far back as 1825), make up another over-lengthy scheme for Saturday. On Wednesday evening the programme comprises, among other things, Mr Barnett's new cantata and Mozart's G minor Symphony; on Thursday, Handel's oratorio, *Samson* (immediate successor to *The Messiah*), with additional orchestral accompaniments by Mr Ebenezer Prout; and on Friday, Bach's cantata, *Light Everlasting*, Raff's symphony, *Lenore*, Mendelssohn's *Loreley*, &c. On the whole, it must be allowed that, however varied and interesting, the programmes both morning and evening, are too long for ordinary musical digestion. The leading singers at the Festival have already been named. That the orchestra will be first-rate, the judgment and musical repute of Mr Arthur Sullivan is a sufficient guarantee; and of what calibre is the Leeds chorus need hardly be told.



## HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

An announcement of a season of Italian Opera at cheap prices has been made by Mr Armit, who puts forth a prospectus of more than average interest under the circumstances of an autumn campaign. The house will open on Monday, the 18th inst., with a *répertoire* which would seem to suggest that the manager has found that extremely rare and valuable prize—a good dramatic soprano. Rumour credits a lady named Mme Giovannoni Zacchi with being the prize in question, but, whoever she may be, it is sincerely hoped by all lovers of opera that the new talent will prove equal to the demands made upon it by such characters as Norma, Semiramide, and Lucrezia Borgia. Mr Armit gives prominence to the works that contain these parts, and the fact shows how great a trust he has in his acquisition, because he cannot be unaware that the melodies of *Norma* long ago exhausted themselves upon the street organs; that the dramatic proclivities of *Semiramide* are rather too much for modern taste, and that the music of Donizetti in *Lucrezia Borgia* tends rather to dissatisfy than please an ordinary sense of fitness. Only special ability in the chief performer can make these operas attractive enough to warrant a manager's reliance upon them. *La Favorita* is also announced, but in this case the principal part will be taken by Mme Trebelli, who is, we are told, expressly engaged for the purpose. *Maritana*, wearing an Italian dress, constitutes another prominent feature in the arrangements of the season, the necessary work of transformation, as far as concerns the recitatives, being performed by Signor Tito Mattei. Let us hope that Signor Mattei may show himself more skilful at the task than some others who have recently met with disaster in a like effort; but whether our old acquaintance will be improved by the process, no matter how ably carried out, is far from a settled question. In 1858 Balfe tried a similar experiment with his *Bohemian Girl*, but the original form of that popular work still prevails, and *La Zingara*, though well received at the time, is forgotten. Ventures of this sort are always risky. However, as regards *Maritana*, we cannot yet tell with what charm the Anglo-Italian opera may be invested by Mdle Rosina Isidor, to whom the title rôle is allotted. Mr Armit further promises a new opera, *Maria di Gand*, libretto by Signor Cimini, music by Signor Tito Mattei. For this we must wait with an "open mind." It may, however, be interesting to observe that Signor Cimini gives to the family of opera its seventeenth Maria. Already we have *Maria d'Arles*, *Maria d'Inghilterra*, *Maria di Biscaglia*, *Maria degli Albizzi*, *Maria di Brabante*, *Maria di Francia*, *Maria di Montalban*, *Maria di Provenza*, *Maria di Rohan*, *Maria di Rudenz*, *Maria Dolores*, *Maria Padilla*, *Maria Rosa*, *Maria Stuarda*, and *Maria Tudor*. This is a long list, and an unlucky one, since most of the "Marias" are pining in neglect; but, as regards Signor Mattei's work, *absit omen*.

Mr Armit's engagements include those of some artists unknown amongst us. Besides Mme Zacchi, we are promised Mdle Elisa Widmar and Mdle de Bressolles, while the *débütantes* are Signor Cantoni, a tenor, and Signor Quintili-Leoni, a baritone. In the list of familiar names are Mdle Bauermeister, Miss Purdy, Mdme Trebelli, Signors Runcio, Vizzani, Fox, Pantaleoni, Ordinas, and Foli. The orchestra "will be nearly the same as that of the grand season," an "entirely fresh chorus," chosen from La Scala and elsewhere, promises to strengthen a department that has been weak for some time, and Signor Li Calsi will bring his large experience to the work of conductor. Under these conditions, and with an energetic manager, the autumn season has a good prospect of success.—D.T.

[Signor Fox is good. Why not Signor Volpe at once?—Dr Blügel.]

PREVIOUS to her return to Paris, Mdle Sarah Bernhardt was to play, at Brussels, the heroine of the *Dame aux Camélias*—another death scene for her inimitable delineation. Mdle Bernhardt starts for America from Havre, on the 16th inst. (Jules de Glimes, of course, will be present.—Dr Blügel.)

AMATEURS of sterling pianoforte playing will be glad to hear that Mdle Marie Krebs has entirely recovered the use of her fingers, and intends revisiting England after Christmas.

## BERWICK-UPON-TWEED.

On Thursday, September 30, the Parish Church organ, built in 1773 by Byfield and Green, which has been under repair and enlargement for the last five months, was opened by Dr Spark, of Leeds. The organ consists of three manuals, CC to G, fifty-six notes, and a Pedal organ, CCC to F, thirty notes. The following is a complete list of the stops:—

GREAT ORGAN.		SWELL ORGAN—continued.	
	ft. pipes		ft. pipes
Double Open Diapason	Metal 16 56	Cornopean	Metal 8 56
Large Open Diapason	Metal 8 56	Oboe	Metal 8 44
Open Diapason	Metal 8 56	Clarion	Metal 4 56
Gamba	Metal 8 56	CHOIR ORGAN.	
Stopped Diapason	Wood and	Open Diapason	Metal 8 56
	Metal 8 56	Clarinella	Metal 8 56
Principal	Metal 4 56	Dulciana	Metal 8 56
Flute	Metal 4 56	Viol de Gamba	Metal 8 56
Twelfth	Metal 3 56	Lieblich Gedact	Wood and
Fifteenth	Metal 2 56		Metal 8 56
Sesquialtera 3 ranks	Metal 168	Gemshorn	Metal 4 56
Trumpet	Metal 8 56	Harmonic Flute	Metal 4 56
SWELL ORGAN.		Harmonic Piccolo	Metal 2 56
Bourdon	Wood 16 56	Oboe, Orchestral	Metal 8 44
Open Diapason	Metal 8 56	Cremona	Metal 8 44
Lieblich Gedact	Wood and	PEDAL ORGAN.	
	Metal 8 56	Open Diapason	Metal 16 80
Salicional	Metal 8 44	Bourdon	Wood 16 80
Voix Céleste	Metal 8 44	Principal	Wood 8 80
Principal	Metal 4 56	COUPLERS, &c.	
Flute	Metal 4 56	Swell to Pedals.	Swell to Great.
Piccolo	Metal 2 56	Great to Pedals.	Swell to Choir.
Mixture 4 ranks	Metal 228	Choir to Pedals.	Choir to Great.

## Six Double Action Composition Pedals.

There are 2,166 pipes and three pairs of bellows, so as to give different pressures of air, two blowers only are required. The Great organ has a new sounding-board of ample size, fitted with divided pallets. The Swell organ sounding-boards are carefully restored and re-faced, the former fitted with new divided pallets. The key-boards are new and of extra-thick ivory; the pedal-board is also new and concave. The key mechanism and draw-stop movements are entirely new. The pipes have been repaired, regulated, and tuned to equal temperament. The new case is being made of selected pitch pine, stained and varnished. The large pipes, a fine feature in the organ, are decorated in gold and colours, both diaper, and other ornaments, from the same patterns as those decorating the organ erected by Messrs Harrison at Edinburgh Cathedral. From the above it will be seen that the organ is almost wholly new. That it is an instrument of high class character was proved yesterday by Dr Spark, under whose superintendence it has been constructed. The organ gallery is re-seated with pitch pine, varnished, and will accommodate a choir of some thirty and more.—*Berwick Journal*.

## An Minnie Hauk!

Königin der Sängerrinnen,  
Die mit zauberischen Tönen  
Und mit seelenvollem Spiele  
Als Gebild der Margarethe,  
Ringsum aller Lauscher Herzen  
Wonniglich das Sein versüßet!  
Sei von Allen, die Dir lauschten  
In dem Tempel hoher Muse,  
Ruhmgekrönte Sangesgöttin!  
Sei, o Minnie Hauk, vom Dichter  
Durch dies Lied, das er Dir weihet,  
Stets viel tausendmal gegrüßet!

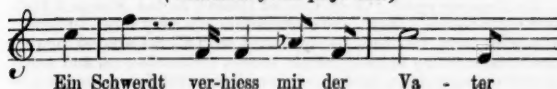
M.

Aix-la-Chapelle.

MR MAPLESON, with Mad. Gerster, Sig. Ardit, and others of his Italian Opera Company, have arrived, safe and sound, at New York. Sig. Campanini left, a boat or two later, on Tuesday week.

## Brown's Letters to Gneffer.

(Continued from page 631.)



## LETTER VII.—continued.

I beg leave to offer the two following examples also, as approaching, in degree, to the foregoing, though very different in kind; the first partaking somewhat of the tenderness which is characteristic of the *cantabile*; the second of the dignity which belongs to the *portamento*.

Parto, non ti sdegnar;  
 Si madre mia da te;  
 Gli affetti a moderar  
 Quest' alma imparà.

(I go, be not offended; yes, my mother, I go; this soul shall learn from thee to moderate its affections.)

Gran Colpa pur non è  
 Se mal frenar si può,  
 Un figlio che perdè  
 Un figlio che trovò  
 Sì cara madre.

(Surely it is no heinous fault that a son cannot easily command himself, who lost, who found, so dear a mother.)

In the following air, Xerxes, on being reconciled to Themistocles, thus addresses him:—

Contrasto assai più degno,  
 Se vuoi, comincerà;  
 Or che la gloria in noi  
 L'odio in amor cambiò.

(A much nobler combat, if thou wilt, shall commence betwixt us; now that glory has changed our hatred into love.)

Scordati tu lo sdegno  
 Jo le vendette obblío  
 Tù mio sostegno ed io  
 Tuo disensor sarò.

(Forget thou thy enmity, I will bury in oblivion my resentment; thou shalt be my support, I will be thy protector.)

In the following examples, the violence of the expression being increased, the music assumes the denomination of *aria agitata*:—

L'alma delira,  
 Par che manchino  
 Quasi i respiri,  
 Che suol del petto  
 Mi balza il cor.

(My soul grows delirious with excessive joy; I pant for breath, my heart seems to jump from my bosom.)

Quant' è più facile  
 Ch'un gran diletto  
 Giunga ad uccidere  
 Che un gran dolor.

(How much more apt is excess of joy to kill, than excess of grief.)

I cannot pass by this example, however, without observing to your Lordship, that the second part of the air, ie by no means proper for musical expression. It ceases to be the language of passion; and is besides a reflection which no person, in such a state as the first part indicates, would naturally make. In setting the opera to music, a judicious composer would strike it out altogether. The next example, though evidently different, with regard to the kind of expression, belongs to the same sub-division of this class:—

Gia l'idea del giusto scempio  
 Mi rapisce, mi diletta.  
 Già pensando alla vendetta  
 Mi comincio a vendicar.

(Already the idea of the just slaughter delights me; already, thinking of my vengeance, I begin to be revenged.)

Gia quel barbaro quel empio  
 Fa di sangue il suol vermiglio  
 Ed il sangue del mio figlio  
 Già si sente rin sacciar.

(I see the impious wretch already dye the earth with his blood; already the murder of my son stares him in the face.)

The examples I am next to give your Lordship are of that kind which takes the name of *aria di mania*; for which I do not recollect any phrase in English exactly equivalent. It is an appellation given to the expression of such emotions as take away, in some degree, the right use of reason, and begin to border on insanity:—

Non vedi tiranno  
 Ch'io moro d'affanno  
 Che bramo che in pace  
 Mi lasci morir.

(Seest thou not, tyrant, that I die of grief, and only wish thou wouldst suffer me to die in peace.)

Ch'o l'alma si oppressa  
 Che tutto mi spiace,  
 Che quasi me stessa  
 Non posso soffrir.

(That my soul is so oppressed, that everything is hateful to me, that I can no longer suffer even myself.)

Dimmi crudel dov'è:  
 Ah non tacer così.  
 Barbaro Ciel perchè  
 Infino a questo di  
 Serbarmi in vita.

(Tell me cruel—Where is she? Ah do not thus be silent, barbarous Heaven! Ah, why didst thou prolong my life to this day.)

Corrasi—Ah! dove? oh Dei!  
 Chi guida e passi miei  
 Chi, almen, chi, per merco  
 La via m'addita.

(Let me run—Where? oh God! Who will guide my steps; who, for pity's sake, will direct me?)

## RECITATIVE.

—Fuggi Sebaste, ah dove  
 Fuggiro da me stesso? ah porto in seno  
 Il carnefice mio: dovunque vada  
 Il terror, lo spavento  
 Seguiran la mia traccia  
 La colpa mia, mi starà sempre in faccia.

(Fly Sebaste—ah whither shall I fly from myself? Alas! I carry in my bosom my executioner; wherever I go horror follows my steps; my guilt must ever stare me in the face.)

## AIR.

Aspri remorsi atroci  
 Figli del sasso mio  
 Perché si tardi, oh Dio!  
 Mi lacerate il cor.

(Cruel heart-rending remorse, offspring of my crime; why, oh God, so late dost thou tear my bosom?)

Perche funeste voci,  
 Ch'or mi sgridate appresso,  
 Perché vi ascolto adesso,  
 Ne v'ascoltai fin or?

(Ye fatal voices, which now howl around me, if deaf to you hitherto, why do I listen to you now?)

The last division of this class of airs is that which is adapted to the expression of passion, of whatever kind, when become frantic; and is properly termed *aria infuriata*.

## RECITATIVE.

—Non più, Mandane,  
 Il mio furor mi avanza,  
 Non ispirarmi il tuo, fremo abbastanza.

(—No more, Mandane, inspire me not with thine, my own fury is sufficient.)

## AIR.

Men bramosa di stragi funeste,  
 Va scorrendo l'Armenie foreste  
 Feri tigre che i figli perdè.

(With less thirst for blood and slaughter, the fierce tiger, robed of its young, scourges the Armenian forests.)

Ardo d'ira, di rabbia deliro  
 Smania, fremo, non odo, non miro  
 Che le furie che porto con me.

(My wrath consumes me, I rave, I rage, I hear and see nothing but the furies, which I carry with myself.)

Rendimi il figlio mio;  
 Ah! mi si spezza il cor;  
 Non son più madre, oh Dio!  
 Non è più figlio.

(Give me back my son; uh, my heart bursts; no longer am I a mother—oh God, my child is no more.)

Fra mille furori  
Che calma non anno,  
Fra mille timori  
Che intorno mi stanno,  
Accender mi sento,  
Mi sento gelar.

(Surrounded by a thousand furies which know no calm, by a thousand terrors which incessantly pursue me, by turns I freeze, I burn.)

I hope I have been able, by the foregoing examples, to give your Lordship some idea of the nature, extent, and variety of this class of airs, as well as of the reason why so great a variety is comprehended under the same general denomination; a circumstance which, without due attention to its cause, would appear absurd and contradictory. Before I conclude, it is proper to take notice to your Lordship that the words of an air may be so written as to afford subject for two, or even three, of the classes hitherto mentioned, not in a mixed manner, but severally, of which my memory furnishes me with the following example:—

Pria ch'io rieda al campo,  
Pensa ch'io son Romano;  
Che d'una spada il lampo,  
No, non mi fa terror.

(Before I return to the camp, remember I am a Roman; that I rejoice in danger of battle.)

Sposa, Signor, che affanno!  
Deh tergi i vaghi rai  
Che sol nel dirti addio  
Vacilla il mia valor.

(Spouse—sir—what misery!—for pity's sake dry up these tears; only, in bidding thee adieu, my constancy is shaken.)

Empio destin tiranno:  
O cento smanie in seno,  
O cento furie al cor.

(Cruel, barbarous fate; a thousand torments rend my bosom; I have a thousand furies in my heart.)

This air, your Lordship sees, is divided into three different parts; the first of which, expressing dignity of sentiment, belongs to the *portamento*; the second, expressing tenderness, to the *cantabile*; and the third, expressing rage, to the last division of the *aria parlante*.

Weh - walt! Weh - walt! Steh' mir zum Streit

sol - len dich Hun - de nicht hal - ten

Gröbn.

THE subject selected by Sig. Schira for his new opera is Alfred de Vigny's *Cinq Mars*. The book, treated quite differently from that of Gounod's work, produced at the Opéra-Comique not long ago, is finished.

THE SOUTH LONDON CHORAL ASSOCIATION, established in 1869 for the practice of vocal music by means of the Tonic Sol-fa Notation and Method, has taken a lease of the Surrey Masonic Hall, Chamberwell New Road, to carry on and extend its operations. The building consists of a hall capable of seating about 750 persons, a masonic temple, banquetting-room, and offices. To these are being added a lecture-room (to seat 200), library and two class-rooms, at a cost of about £1,200. This portion of the building will be designated the "South London Institute of Music," and, so soon as completed, will accommodate classes for the study of vocal music, musical theory, composition, counterpoint, private lessons in solo singing, piano-forte, &c. The course of instruction in singing from the Tonic Sol-fa Notation, is divided into three stages, elementary, intermediate, and advanced, no one being eligible for membership of a choir of higher grade without possessing a certificate that he has passed the requisite tests of the lower. Amongst the arrangements of the advanced choir for the ensuing season, are a series of three concerts at St James's Hall, and the engagement to provide a choir for each of Messrs Boosey's London Ballad Concerts.

## "TWA 'OORS AT HAME" WITH THE KENNEDYS.

(From the "Dundee Advertiser," September, 29.)

Mr Kennedy spent "Twa 'Oors at Hame" in the Kinnaird Hall last night to the delight and satisfaction of a very large audience, whose national instincts he awakened with all his wonted power, doubtless reviving in many minds scenes, circumstances, and sentiments of early days, and giving to all a faithful and instructive delineation of Scottish life in its less sophisticated, and therefore more genuine, forms. Everyone acknowledges Mr Kennedy's power as an expositor of Scottish song and tale—how with him every shade of sentiment is exhibited in an art so perfect and so comprehensive that it seems to be but the natural expression of reality; and few there are who will dispute that he has this power to a greater extent than any other man living. With him it is a gift as well as an acquisition. If ever a man can be truly said to have been born to a special vocation, it may be so said of Mr Kennedy. Mentally and physically he is a typical Scotchman, gifted with strong poetic feeling, keen musical sensibility, a high sense of humour, the power to read human nature aright in its manifold aspects, and imbued with an intense love of country. These natural gifts, with that of a full rich tenor voice and his assiduous cultivation of them, are what have placed Mr Kennedy in the exalted position he has so long held. But to us it seems that the real secret of his greatness lies in his high regard for truth in art. He never hesitates to sacrifice conventionality when that minor virtue stands in the way of a truthful exposition. Hence he has never throughout his long career been caught "showing off his voice." Singing with him is the means; exposition the end. He sings "John Grumlie," for instance—as last night—so that the domestic tiff shall be presented as occurring rather than as an occurrence; his "Sae will we yet" is the song as sung by a middle-aged farmer to his cronies at a merry meeting; while his "Lucy's Flittin'" is a specimen of the perfection of pathetic expression. Mr Kennedy's singing teaches young aspirants a lesson, if they care to learn it, that music is not designed exclusively nor mainly to delight the ear with sweet sounds, but to depict human feelings in all their subtly varying moods. To sing so means management of voice and a great deal more. It means the education of the affections, so that they shall freely respond to all feeling that is genuinely human. Mr Kennedy's audience understood him last night, and frankly responded to his appeals to their human nature.

We had on this occasion the first opportunity of hearing in Dundee Miss Lizzie Kennedy and Miss Kate Kennedy. The former lady has a soprano voice of remarkably excellent quality, large compass, and much power, which she has under complete control, as was evinced by the effective use she made of *crescendo* and *diminuendo*. Her style of singing was highly expressive, betokening not only careful study but true feeling. She is a singer of much promise,—for her method is good and her vocal physique is strong and vigorous. Miss Kate Kennedy is a true contralto, with large, free open lower notes, and a middle register of good quality. She gave abundant evidence of being in the right school for expression, and of her success in study, in her rendering of a very fine song, "The Parting Hour," the music of which is by Mr James Kennedy, and which, according to the programme, is not yet published. A first hearing of this song impressed us in its favour. Its melody is delightfully vocal, its accompaniment tasteful, and its words are lyrical and of exalted sentiment. Mr James Kennedy sang like a finished artist. His voice has increased in compass, breadth, and purity of tone since he last appeared here. He has evidently been studying under a good method, for his tones are all purely musical, and he uses his voice throughout its entire register as a complete whole. His singing of the aria, "Eri tu che Macchiavi quel anima," from Verdi, proved this indisputably; while his powers of expression were felt by all to be genuine in his treatment of "The Lass o' Ballochmyle," of which the last verse was a masterly performance. The second and last entertainment is to be given to-morrow night, when, in addition to the talent already noticed, Master John Kennedy is to play a violin solo. This will be the last opportunity of hearing Mr Kennedy and his talented family for two years in Dundee, for, not content with, or probably because of, the fame already acquired abroad, they intend entering next year upon a second colonial tour.

WE are informed that Messrs Trubner will shortly publish the "Story of Philosophy," by Mr Aston Leigh (a writer who has before now contributed to our columns). This will be the first literary attempt to popularise a scientific subject without the aid of terminology.



## DEATH OF OFFENBACH.

The death of Jacques Offenbach, the celebrated composer of operas, bouffes, will be learnt with as deep regret in England as on this side of the Channel. M. Offenbach, who a month ago returned from Saint Germain to his residence on the Boulevard des Capucines, was taken seriously ill about twelve days ago, since which date he had been confined to the house. It at length became apparent that his illness would terminate fatally, and when his death took place all his relations, including his five children and his brother-in-law, M. Robert Mitchell, were at his bedside. The funeral will take place on Thursday, at the Madeleine. The gout, from which the *maestro* had suffered, had made its way to the heart, with the inevitable result, and death ensued at an early hour this morning. The works of M. Offenbach are too well known to require recapitulation. Since first the talented composer of opera-bouffe charmed Paris playgoers with the catching melodies of *La Belle Helene* and *La Grande Duchesse de Gêrolstein*, not a season has passed, in Paris or London, during which some new work or the revival of an old favourite has not been welcomed on stages devoted to the class of music of which Offenbach was incontestably the leading exponent. His works were of their kind so perfect, and had attained such popularity in every country where a stage exists, that his death will be universally regretted; while his adopted country will lament the void left by the loss of so eminently popular a genius, and the leader of so thoroughly Parisian a school of melody.—(*Paris correspondence of the "Daily Telegraph,"* Oct. 6.)

M. Offenbach, the popular composer, died this morning. To those whose memory carries them back some thirty years or so the news of Offenbach's death will be something more than a commonplace announcement. All the world knows the *Belle Helene* and the composer of so many operas in which the mythological Olympus was made the subject of charming lively music. But some of us remember Offenbach in those early days when he used to play violoncello solos at concerts, and was glad enough to accept the post of *chef d'orchestre* at the Comédie Française. It is many years ago since one of the plays of Alfred de Musset, *Le Chandelier*, was brought out at the Français. I was in the house at the time, and can even now remember the thrill of delight and surprise which ran through the audience on hearing the melody of the song of Fortunio, "*Si vous croyez que je vais dire*," which has since become so hackneyed. That was Offenbach's start as a composer. It led him to fame and fortune. Few men have been more popular, and none more justly so. He was an exemplary family man, and his private life entitled him to respect. He never had been a strong man, and incessant work, combined with a nervous temperament, undoubtedly led to the anæmic condition which prevented his recovering from an attack of dyspepsia which men older than he would have weathered. He took to his bed some eight days since, was unable to take any nourishment, and an attack of gout supervening, his death was hardly a surprise. He had the consolation of seeing around his death-bed friendly and affectionate faces, and to sink to his rest with the comforting reflection that no one was left behind to speak an evil word or entertain ought but a kindly thought of him. A new opera by Offenbach is to be brought out at the Renaissance early next month.—(*Paris correspondence of the "Standard,"* Oct. 6.)

## Paris, Wednesday Night.

The funeral service of M. Offenbach will be held at the Madeleine at ten o'clock to-morrow morning, the *cortège* starting from the house of the deceased on the Boulevard des Capucines. The ceremony will be interesting, as all the artistic world of Paris will assemble to render tribute to the musical genius of the departed, and the first singers in France have requested permission to take part in the solos and choruses. As at present arranged, M. Faure, in addition to leading the chorus, will sing the "Pie Jesus," and Talazac the "Agnus Dei," specially adapted to airs from Offenbach's work, *Les Contes d'Hoffmann*. Some of the chief singers from the Opéra-Comique will assist in the choral part of the ceremony. The offertory is to be accompanied by a piece, arranged by M. Bazile, of the Opéra-Comique, terminating with a trio from *Les Contes d'Hoffmann*. The music of the funeral Mass will be sung by the assembled artists. The names of the singers who have volunteered their services, and the fact that the music of a piece which may be said to have been the crowning ambition of Offenbach's life will be performed at his funeral before being heard on the stage, offer the assurance that to-morrow's ceremony will be one of no ordinary interest. Among many anecdotes relating to the life of the deceased, since yesterday on every one's lips, none is more sad than that referring to the preparation of his last work. For some time Offenbach had felt his end approaching, and a short time ago

said to M. Carvalho, in reference to *Les Contes d'Hoffmann*:—"Make haste, make haste to mount my piece; I am in a hurry, and I have only one wish in the world—that of witnessing the *première* of this work." Offenbach leaves a widow, a son, and four daughters.—(*Correspondence of the "Daily Telegraph."*)

## ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

We subjoin the programme of the music performed at the fortnightly meeting of professors and students on Saturday, Oct. 2:—

Prelude and Fugue, in C sharp, Book 1 (Bach)—Miss A. M. Williams, pupil of Mr Harold Thomas; Recitative and Air, "The good we wish for" and "Thy glorious deeds," *Samson* (Handel)—(accompanist, Mr Livesey Carrotte)—Mr Bantock Pierpoint, pupil of Mr F. R. Cox; Prelude and Fugue, in B flat, Op. 35, No. 6, pianoforte (Mendelssohn)—Miss Margaret Gyde, pupil of Mr Walter Macfarren; Song (MS.), "O let the solid ground" (Ida Walter, student)—(accompanist, Miss Ida Walter)—Miss Hilda Wilson, pupil of Professor Macfarren and Mr Shakespeare; Præludium and Toccata, in D minor, pianoforte (Vincenz Lachner)—Miss Devey, pupil of Sir Julius Benedict; Recitative ed Aria, "Giunse al fin il momento" and "Deh! vieni non tardar," *Le Nozze di Figaro* (Mozart)—(accompanist, Mr Percy Stranders, Thalberg scholar)—Miss Thudichum, Parepa-Rosa scholar, pupil of Mr Garcia; Prelude, in C minor, Book 2, organ (Bach)—Mr Rowland Briant, pupil of Dr Steggall; Terzettino, "Non è la vaga rosa" (Sir Michael Costa)—Miss Kate Tully, Miss Marian McKenzie, Westmoreland scholar, and Mr Robertson, pupils of Mr Randegger; Allegro Moderato, from Sonata in A flat, Op. 39, pianoforte (Weber)—Miss Rose Evans, pupil of Mr Westlake; Song, "The Two Stars" (Jacques Blumen-thal)—(accompanist, Mr W. G. Wood)—Mr Sinclair Dunn, pupil of Mr Fiori; Novelette, in D, Op. 21, pianoforte (Schumann)—Miss Mackness, pupil of Mr O'Leary; Aria, "Il mio tesoro," *Don Giovanni* (Mozart)—(accompanist, Mr Percy Stranders)—Mr Jones, pupil of Mr Shakespeare; Fugue, in G, Book 1, pianoforte (Bach); Impromptu, in E flat, pianoforte (Schubert)—Miss Sullivan, pupil of Mr F. B. Jewson.

SIG. MEDICA, the well-known barytone, died a short time since, of typhoid fever.

PROMENADE CONCERTS.—The series of entertainments directed by Messrs Gatti having terminated, another has begun under the superintendence of Mr Samuel Hayes, whose scheme is to make the "popular," rather than the "classical," dominate. He has, nevertheless, engaged a splendid orchestra, complete at all points, with Mr Weist Hill, the most skilled and practised of our English conductors, as its chief. To such an orchestra and such a conductor, opportunities of winning distinction should, at least, occasionally be vouchsafed, and a symphony now and then would be welcome to a large majority of the audience. At the opening concert on Saturday night, the programme, although comprising no absolute novelty, was well varied and excellent. The performance of Rossini's overture to *Guillaume Tell* was more than enough to set forth the quality of the orchestra; it has never been played better within our memory; rarely, indeed, so well. *L'Arlesienne* of Bizet afforded another chance, of which advantage was taken, and the quaint old-fashioned gavotte in F, of Bourgault-Ducoudray, another. A very effective arrangement of excerpts from Sir Michael Costa's first ballet, *Atma*, by Mr Weist Hill himself, and Jullien's once famous "British Army Quadrille," with all the military appurtenances and "original startling effects," were the other orchestral displays. To these may be added Herr Engel's bagatelle, "Elle et Lui," and a spirited "quadrille" by Charles d'Albert, upon themes from M. Audran's operetta, *Olivette*. That the return of Herr Gung'l, after an absence of six years, added to the attraction of the programme, may be taken for granted. Herr Gung'l again directs the performance of his own dance-pieces, the "Soldaten Lieder," "Amoretten Tanze," &c., seeming to please as much as ever. There were no instrumental solos, although, a pianist of such ability as Mr Lindsay Sloper being accompanist at the pianoforte, some short and brilliant fantasia for that instrument would have been acceptable. The singers were Mdmes Mary Cummings, Rose Stuart, and Mathilde Zimeri, Messrs Fred. Wood, Walter Clifford, and W. H. Woodfield, who contributed a number of familiar pieces, not the least welcome of which was "This Magic Wove Scarf," the once so popular trio from John Barnett's *Mountain Sylph*—extremely well sung by Mdme Stuart, Messrs Wood and Clifford. The concerts during the present week have been much on the same pattern.—*Graphic*

**M**DME ARABELLA GODDARD begs to announce that her ACADEMY for Lady Students in Pianoforte Music was RE-OPENED on WEDNESDAY, Oct. 6. Classes now forming. Prospectuses of the SECRETARY, Steinway Hall, Lower Seymour Street, W.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

POLKAW.—I do. They were a strange lot, that Brontë family. First read *Paul Ferroll*; then *Why Paul Ferroll killed his Wife*; then Prosper Mérimée's *Carmen*; then his *Columba* (you will be "more than half in love" with Miss Neville); and wind up with Godwin's *Essay on Sepulchres*. Leave Diderot alone, and also Theophile Gautier.

**To ADVERTISERS.**—*The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyle Street (First Floor). Advertisements not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.*

## The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1880.

### Dreimal mit dem Speer.

The musical score is written for three parts: *Erster Stoss*, *Zweiter Stoss*, and *Dritter Stoss*. The lyrics are "Lo-ge! hie - her!" and "Lo-ge!". The score includes musical notation with notes, rests, and dynamic markings like *Lo-ge!* and *&c.*

#### PROFESSOR MACFARREN'S INAUGURAL ADDRESS.

MY DEAR FRIENDS,—It is in this relationship of friend that I find myself among you. It is in this relationship of friend that I wish you to regard me. In this relationship of friendship I trust you feel for one another.

We have one common bond that binds us in mutual interest: our devotion to Music. This unites us in such a manner as to make our connection a life-long relationship. With some of us this connection is recent, with others of longer standing; with some, particularly the members and associates of the Academy, it is of many years—nay, there is one among us who, from the fact of his having been one of the first twenty-one pupils that were admitted to this Institution, and his being of the longest standing in the list of our professors, claims our respect, and who, from his unswerving love of the Academy, commands our affection. (Applause.) Yes, you have anticipated my words in making this expression of regard for the name of William Henry Holmes.

I will now draw your attention to the particular responsibilities, and the particular manner in which they are discharged, of our professors. Think not to come here for a bald technical education; think not that you are to be taught only to draw the breath from the diaphragm, and to respire where there is a comma in the text; only to pass the thumb under the fingers in particular passages on the pianoforte, or to raise your hand from the keyboard in other situations; or only to hold your bow-arm in such a manner as to draw out more or less tone from the strings of the violin. There is a higher function in the duties of the professors of the Academy than the technical training. It is the

function of moral influence; and our professors, in a marked degree, exercise this influence upon the pupils confided to their care. They stand in a parental light to those whom they undertake to train, and by their example of earnest sincerity in the task which they so carefully fulfil, as experience has proved, show you, pupils, the importance of duty in whatever walk of life you may pursue, and teach you that the fulfilment of that duty is the means to make you respected by others and respected by yourselves.

There is now a word to say with regard to the Sub-Professors. This appointment of sub-professor is the highest honour that can be paid to a student. The committee select those among the pupils who are best advanced and are best deserving, and give to them the peculiar advantage of being taught to teach. The several professors hold the responsibility of the progress of those pupils who are placed under the sub-professors, and they are ever ready to assist with their counsel the operations of the sub-professors; so that, however inexperienced these immediate teachers may at first be, the lessons which they give have the value of the advice of those teachers who supervise and control them; and the pupils in the care of the sub-professors may call themselves grand-pupils of the superior professors, and enjoy the advantage of their inspection and their care, though through the medium of the sub-professors; and the sub-professor is at the same time responsible to the pupils and to his own professor, as well as to the committee.

And now, such of you as are pupils, consider what are your duties in the Academy. You come not to study music as amusement. It would degrade the wonderful subject which engrosses our life's attention to regard it for a moment as a pastime and recreation. If you enter into the pursuit of this study, it must be the prime—I could almost say the sole—object of your attention, and other subjects which engage your thoughts should all bear upon this one chief consideration. To be a musician is in itself a great and glorious privilege, and however advanced you may be in the study of other subjects; however developed in the qualities which may make a good member of society—the more of those advantages you have, the better musician you may become. (Applause.)

It is a very high privilege I hold, in being intrusted by the committee of management with the office that makes me the medium of communication between all of you and the committee. I have not, and I assume not, power or authority, but as the representative of the managing body of this Academy. The dear duty which I strive to fulfil is peculiarly dear to me because it brings me in correspondence with you all, and gives me the hope of being a means to cement the friendship which I believe exists among us. (Applause.)

I address you as musicians. Let us think for a moment what is the important calling of an artist. May I remind you of Schiller's beautiful apologue of "The Partition of the Earth?" Zeus, he tells us, summoned all mankind, and apportioned to each member such part of the world as should best befit his capabilities of administration. To the sailor he gave the surface of the sea, to the fisher its depths; to the husbandman he gave the surface of the earth, to the miner its depths; to the trader he gave the cities; to the soldier he gave the power of conquest; to the statesman the power of command. The artist had been watching the glory of the sunset, had been listening to the songs of the birds, had been studying all the wonderful beauties of nature, and he came late, as the crowd was dispersing, and complained that there was no portion of the world left for him. "Yes," said the king of the gods; "yes," cried Zeus, "you are not unregarded, I have saved for you the heart of man—be that your study and your empire." (Applause.)

Mrs Somerville, that wonder of female philosophers, has produced a book—*The Connection of the Physical Sciences*. Would that one with such abilities as hers had produced a book on the Connection of the Fine Arts! All the arts are connected, and the reflection of one upon another enhances the beauty of each. Let us trace this scale. In sculpture we see the imitation of natural forms, and from this we take our word, that art is an imitative power of reproducing nature. In painting we have form, with colour added. In acting we have form, and colour, and gesture. In literature these three qualities are lost; but in uttered speech, we have the thoughts of the persons who are the subject of the work of art—we enter on the inner imitation of



nature. But it must be borne in mind that Goldsmith said, and Talleyrand quoted, "Speech was given to man not only to express his thoughts, but to conceal them." Now, music has a higher function than the expression or the concealment of thoughts. Music utters what is beyond the reach of words; and whereas speech may describe our feeling, music goes beyond the description, and produces the feeling itself. (Applause.)

Architecture has been claimed as the fittest analogy to music, in respect that neither does music nor architecture reproduce natural objects; but architecture is based on natural principles of geometry and perspective and proportions, and it has the power of conjuring in the thoughts of the beholder, images of the mind apart from images of the building: feelings of reverence or of lightness, of respect or of gaiety. Music can awaken all these ideas, the highest sublimity, the highest mirth, and it can present every shade of feeling between them, while it is based on natural principles as profound, as sublime as those which govern the other art. (Applause.)

With the knowledge that you are studying this most intense, most delicate subject, you cannot for a moment feel that there is anything trifling in the pursuit you are undertaking, and you will, I am sure, continue this pursuit, with the feelings of earnestness and gravity that are due to it, that are due to yourselves. What do you understand by talent? Talent is a word that has come into its present use by slow degrees. Talent was the name of a Roman coin; talent was the name of a Jewish measure. It was not until of late a term referring to mental qualities. You remember the parable of the man who travelled into a far country, and placed his goods in the care of his servants, assigning to each several man according to his special ability. To one he gave five talents, to one two, another one. He that had five talents traded with them, and produced other five; he that had two traded likewise, and gained other two; he that had one talent digged in the ground, and buried his lord's money. And when the lord of these men returned and claimed an account of their service, to him that had changed his five talents into ten, to him who had changed his two talents into four, he exclaimed, "Well done, good and faithful servant. Thou hast done well and faithfully with few things, I will make thee ruler of many things." And when he came to him who had buried his treasure, his lord said to him, "Wicked and slothful servant, hadst thou put my treasure to the exchangers, I should now receive my own with usury. Take from him, therefore, the talent he has, and give it him that has ten talents, for to everyone that hath shall be given, and from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he has." And this is the case throughout all our life, throughout all our career. These talents (clevernesses we are disposed to call them—mental qualities) are the treasure that is entrusted to our care. We must place it at interest, we must double that capital, we must show fruitful husbandry, so that when the time for rendering an account of our life's proceedings comes to its date, we may produce the ten for the five. We must not bury the one talent in the earth and prevent it from its proper and fullest fructification. (Applause.)

There are two classes in the Academy to which I would draw your attention—one the most theoretical, the other perhaps the most practical of all the studies that occupy us—I mean the class for acoustics and the operatic class. Recent times have very much strengthened a general desire among musicians at large to obtain particular distinction for their artistic qualifications, and they proceed now to the Universities for degrees in very far larger numbers than until recent years was at all the custom. There have been applications at one time nearly approaching one hundred for University degrees, and it is very important that the Universities have made the standard of excellence to which these degrees testify very far higher than in former years was the case; and in one University in particular, a knowledge of the subject of acoustics is imperative in every candidate who would obtain graduation. Some Academy students have been candidates for degrees, and one in particular, a few years ago, whilst still a student among us (Mr Walsley Little), obtained the distinction of Bachelor of Music at the University of Oxford. It is highly desirable that at this school opportunity for musical study in every department should be open to you. It is so. The committee have, therefore, instituted this class for acoustics, which is under the care of the present examiner of the

subject in Cambridge University. The university testifies by that appointment to his eminent qualifications; and it would be becoming in you who seek a knowledge of the deepest recesses of musical study, to enter his class and take advantage of his teaching.

There seems in the operatic department to be more appearance of amusement. May I use that word still discreetly and with care, because if sought as an amusement only, the study of operatic music can only be degraded to triviality. But there is not the severe tax on the attention in that particular branch of study that there is in the scientific subject to which I have just alluded—the subject which touches upon the grandest phenomena of nature, and which shows the source of this very music itself, of which manipulation on instruments and vocal exercises are but mechanical means. Now, this operatic class is open to singers who need not specially have a view to theatrical performance. The experience of these few years has proved that to practise with action gives a freedom to the performances of singers, who aim at nothing other than the concert-room—nay, at nothing other than the drawing-room; and it takes from them certain restraints which impede good qualities until such freedom can be acquired. To those who have the privilege of accompanying the performances of the operatic class, a very valuable opportunity is open; a similar experience is offered of accompanying the choral practice of the whole body of the students. I have somewhat regretted that composers have not, more than they have, taken advantage of the opportunities of experiments in dramatic music which this class might afford them. At least, give your attention to the subject, and if your inclination turn in that direction, there is the field in which to exercise it, wherein you will be readily welcomed.

There is now to touch upon a subject that is tender to every one of us—the result of the Annual Examination, and the gratification it brings to us all—I will not say to many, but to us all. Yes, all, for I am sure in the friendly feeling of which mention has been already made, every one here is happy in the success of whomever is fortunate enough to obtain it. But with this gratification there are several, there are many disappointments. Some seem to entertain the idea that they enter the Academy for the sake of obtaining medals; but you may purchase medals upon your own responsibility, without coming to the Academy for them, and have them cast in any pattern you choose. You come to the Academy to study an art, and a medal is but a secondary consideration with reference to that study. (Applause.) You must bear in mind the many circumstances that may interfere with success at an examination. No one can be more painstaking than has been each member of the several Boards of Examiners who have been kind enough to you all, kind enough to the Committee of Management, kind enough to the cause of Music, to spend hour upon hour to scrutinise the different talents, or—more properly to speak—the stewardship with which you have cared for the talents entrusted to you. But even the eminent men who have examined you are only men, and mankind is fallible; and it is even possible that, with all their care and painstaking, they may mistake. Far more possible, and far more likely is it, that some accident of the moment may prevent the candidate from doing justice to his or her ability at the moment of the trial; and an examiner can take no account of what was yesterday or will be to-morrow, but can only inspect what passes under notice at the very time of examination. If, however unlikely, the best ability should then not show itself, unfortunately the candidate loses the advantage of the occasion; but nothing can be more fallacious than the idea that work should be slackened, painstaking should be abandoned, because a prize has not been gained. Nay, further, it has often been the case that those who have, here or elsewhere, succeeded in a prize at examination have grown vain upon their success, and have passed into the world in such a condition of self-satisfaction that they have been disappointed at every non-success in after-life. And let me give you on this subject some most important and valuable words of that great historian, great politician, great scholar, essayist, and poet, Macaulay. "Those are most fortunate," he says, "who soonest learn to expect nothing for which they have not worked hard, and who never acquired the habit of pitying themselves over much, if ever, in after-life, they happened to work in vain." (Applause.)

You know the Greek myth of "Alkestis," and you have heard

of the tragedy on the subject by Euripides. Admetus, a renowned king, for pious service, is, by Apollo, exempted from death on condition that someone, through love for him, will die in his place; and his wife, Alkestis, undertakes this wondrous act of self-devotion. She parts from her husband, whom she loves too well, with love that she proves in this self-immolation, she parts from her children, she parts from her loving people. The husband, the children, the nation, are plunged in grief, when Heracles, the friend of Admetus, learns of the grief into which the community is cast by the loss of this loving, devoted woman. He encounters the inexorable, and grapples with Death himself, and overcomes him, and he restores Alkestis to the arms of her lord. May I attempt an application of this story? For Admetus let us suppose a studying artist. Apollo, the song god, exempts him from annihilation on condition that he forego his earthly inclinations and affections. The objects of his worldly love choose the oblivion from which he shrinks; but strength of will, strength of mind, come to his aid, and grapple with annihilation, and bring to him those affections which are at once the stimulus and the crown of his desires. This play of Euripides was offered in competition at the Olympic games, and failed of a prize, the prize being then awarded for another work to another poet. In Mr Browning's beautiful poem of "Belshazzar's Adventure" is given a transcription, not faithfully a translation of this play, and it is involved in the story of the failure of the Athenians' war upon Sicily, the capture of the Athenians, the hardships to which the Sicilians subjected them. But the Athenian captives recited verses of Euripides from "Alkestis," and so charmed the Sicilians, that for everyone who could recite passages from this play indemnity from service was accorded, and he was released from their bondage. The circumstances are most charmingly portrayed by the English poet. Remember in what very remarkable instances, and with what effect besides, the story of Alkestis has been artistically treated, and would not have been so treated but that the model work of Euripides was before the world of art from which to copy, and the beauties of which might be emulated. The opera, by Gluck, on this subject, written first to Italian, and altered afterwards to suit French, text, was one of the works which first announced the special view on lyrical-dramatic art by which that great master raised it to a far loftier height than it had ever occupied. In later times Sir Frederick Leighton produced a picture which was the admiration of all the best judging world in the season of its exhibition—"The Wrestling of Heracles with Death," and his overcoming the power of annihilation. The Athenians were released; the modern musician and painter were inspired. And now let me quote the last two lines of the poem by Mr Browning, to which I have alluded:—

"It all came from this play which gained no prize,  
Why crown whom Zeus has crowned in soul before?"  
He resumed his seat amid warm applause.

### A Musical Magician.

An orchestra—which is, in most cases, a roughly assorted crowd of musicians of various temperaments, differently trained, drawn into a nucleus from all parts of the world—resembles the heap of tangled silken skeins given by a cruel fairy to an unfortunate victim, in the well-known fairy tale.

The victim was conducted to the conglomerated mass, and was expected to reduce it to order and smoothness in a few hours.

A musician possessed of ordinary mental force would feel, in confronting a huge orchestra, much as the victim of the cruel fairy felt, when face to face with the impossible task.

In the old tale a good fairy came to the rescue, and, with one wave of her wand, the various skeins separated themselves, arranged themselves into order, and, by some unknown but subtle power, the labour of years was accomplished in a second.

The only good fairy about, nowadays, is that Intensity with which certain individuals are endowed—a force which makes them commanders among their fellowmen, whether the fellow-men will or no—and which, not being understood, is classed under the wide term, genius.

Where men of great ability fail, after constant and laborious struggle,—a man of genius steps in, and, with a word or sign, accomplishes that which the most strenuous efforts of those lacking the strange power, fail to attain.

To feel these remarks,—go to Covent Garden Operahouse. \* \*

A tall man steps quickly to the conductor's desk, bows curtly in reply to the murmur of applause which greets his appearance, and gives the rapid rap against the desk, the sign, "Attention."

The army is motionless. The weapons are raised. All eyes are steadily fixed upon their chief.

The *bâton* moves, and you know it is, as it were, alive. The overture to *Oberon* is the task in hand—a worthy subject for the wand of genius. From the distance you hear the veiled, mystic sound of the magic horn. It steals in, and floats upon the air, before the agitated, awakening clamour of those who are supposed to hear it—(illustrated by the descending *staccato* chords of the wind-instruments), breaks in. Generally, in the operahouse, these chords struggle in somehow, apologetically, and you sink back in your chair, all possibility of realizing Weber's masterpiece, gone. Now, they trip in, suggestively, enquiringly, and you can realize the awakening fairies, hearing the signal of their King's approach, remarking to each other in pleased recognition.

As the sounds unite, melt, change,—all Weber's fairy fancies are represented. Upon an exquisite background of unity of tone, the subjects stand out, the phrases for the different instruments are as distinct as the forms in the pictures of the greatest figure-painters.

The background is one smooth volume of sound; the phrases that move before it are distinct, individual ideas.

The final, passionate rush of emotional passages is a wild sea in which each crested wave is distinct. Till to-night, you have not known this superhuman conception of Weber; you have never paid rightful homage to the great master. And why? Because the genius that conceives musical ideas cannot be shown to other minds except through another, the executive genius. And the executive genius is as rare as the conceptive.

Under the spell of the slight wooden *bâton*, which, wielded by a master-mind, has become a magician's wand, you listen to the frail fancies of Berlioz in the delicate "Danse des Sylphes," the crimson and golden *broderies* of Georges Bizet's *suite*, "L'Arlesienne," the melancholy complaints of Spanish indolence, lavishly set by Gevaert; the "Ragoczy" Hungarian patriotic march, orchestrated by Berlioz; also to various rhythmic trifles of modern panderers to popular (otherwise vitiated) taste, which are redeemed from oppressive vulgarity by the inevitable precision and refinement of an orchestra moulded by the powerful hands of such a leader.

Who is the leader, did you say? It is the boast of England to have produced a conductor equal to any the world will ever know, and who will possibly be rightly valued when envy and jealousy are dead in the human race—viz., HENRY WEIST HILL.

flamingo.

### ODE.

There was, and still is, one called Essipoff,  
And if you want joyance the recipe of,  
Go hear her play Mendelssohn  
Or Schumann (R.) and ye'll soon  
Say "Ne'er did I such happiness sip of."

PETER QUINCE CARPENTER.

[Peter Quince Carpenter had better measure his lines as Essipoff measures her phrases.—JAUNE LE NOIR BLANC.]

OCTAVE FOUQUE, author of the *Life of Glinka*, of which an English version is now appearing in our columns, was married a short time since, at Pau, to Mlle Lucie Cazau.

THE death is announced of Sig. Capponi, Mr Gye's *basso* with the large voice—suddenly, at Boulogne, of apoplexy.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE SATURDAY CONCERTS, under the direction of Mr August Manns, begin this afternoon, the programme containing, among other things of interest, a symphony by Raff, entitled *Summer*, and Schumann's rarely heard *Concertstück*, played by Mdme Montigny Rémaury, the most distinguished among French pianists.

## SUDDEN APPARITION

of  
Mr Ap' Mutton.



Lightning, thunder, mosquitoes, moonquakes.

Mr Ap' Mutton.—Shoe!

Dr Shoe (trembling).—Master, what wouldst thou with thy servant?

Mr Ap' Mutton.—Shoe! Shoe!

Dr Shoe.—Verily, Master—

Mr Ap' Mutton (in a voice of thunder).—

Shoe! Shoe!

How d'ye do?

Dr Shoe.—Well, Master! And you? And Mme Flosshilde?

Thunder, locusts, housequakes, windows riven.

Mr Ap' Mutton.—I have abandoned Flosshilde. She played me false with Orion. Thou hast my pen. Write down swiftly—

Wellgunde.

Dr Shoe.—Master! the pen shakes in my fingers. It hath cast its nibs. The ink's dried up!

Mr Ap' Mutton.—Prick thyself as of old. Write with thy blood—sanguineously—

Wellgunde.

—She must be mine. She must be Mrs Ap' Mutton ere the cock crows. Write! Thou know'st I cannot write or read, Thou art mine earthly scribe.

Dr Shoe (convulsively).—Master! Thou hast transported me to that position! (writes):—

Wellgunde.

(falls into his own and only shoe).—

Head appears.



Mr Ap' Mutton.—Whence that head? I never saw a head so charged with brain.

Dr Shoe (rising from his own and only shoe).—Nor I a brain so overcharged with head. (Head vanishes.)

Mr Ap' Mutton.—Shoe!

Dr Shoe.—Master, mine?

Mr Ap' Mutton.—Thou must transport to me Dr Blidge. I require him as Hon. Sec. He must carry on the war with Wagner. Flosshilde has read to me Parsifal. She delights in Parsifal. Therefore, I detest Parsifal. Flosshilde was jealous of Kundry, to whom I once proposed. Therefore I repudiate her, as Wotan did Brünnhilde. Beware my wrath. Send me Dr Blidge. Jaune le Noir Blanc Noir shall take his place. Blidge must write my letters to Wellgunde, (Flies back to Aldeboran.)

Terrific flashes—terrific peals—fixed starquakes.

Dr Shoe.—Master! Master! Be meek in thine unlimited sway! (sinks into his own and only shoe).

Mr Ap' Mutton (flying).—Woglinde!—no—Wellgunde! Wellgunde! (sings):—



Schluss folgt.

## PROVINCIAL.

BLACKPOOL.—Mr Rosa's Operatic Company have been here and charmed the musical amateurs of Blackpool with an unaccustomed treat. Why do they not come oftener? Mr Rosa himself was present at the performance.

JERSEY.—Mrs Bradshawe McKay gave a concert in the Royal Hall, under the patronage of Col. the Hon. R. H. De Montmorency and the officers of the 32nd Light Infantry, on Saturday evening, Sept. 25. Mrs McKay was assisted by Miss Annie Marriott, M. Albert, Messrs H. Guy and Forington. A selection from Sullivan's *Prodigal Son* formed the opening part of the programme. Mrs McKay sang "Love not the world," and the recitative, "Woe unto them," with marked expression, obtaining well-merited applause. She also joined Miss Marriott, Messrs Guy and Forington in the quartet, "The Lord is nigh," which was encored. In the second part Mrs McKay gave Sullivan's "Lost Chord" and Bishop's "Tell me, my heart," both of which she was called upon to repeat.



### Offenbach.

Jacques Offenbach, the composer, died on Tuesday morning, at his house in Paris, No. 8, Boulevard des Capucines. His funeral obsequies were solemnized at the Madeleine on Thursday morning, in presence of a vast congregation.

Requiescat in pace!

### CONVENTIONAL FOLLIES.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—There are two things I should like briefly (but severely) to comment upon. In the first place many of our musical programmes are inartistic to a most painful degree. The concert may be vocal or instrumental, sacred or secular, it matters little. In almost every case third and fourth-rate composers dominate, the great masters being nowhere. Quite lately here we had a precious namby-pamby effusion—supposed to be a love song!—which the audience received with tittering, (and really it was hard to blame them). Now, in the name of common sense, why was such trash foisted upon them, when they might have been regaled with a pure gem from Mozart or Beethoven? I am far from saying we ought rigidly to confine ourselves to the great composers. Many of the productions of our living writers are excellent, but what I complain of is that they also are ignored by our caterers. Another fault is a *multiplicity of parts* (Qy.?—Dr Btidge) in our glees and part-songs. Almost every aspirant now who attempts the composition of a part-song (presumably for S.A.T.B.) must *double* all, or most of his parts—two soprano's here, two alto's there, &c.—thus making a so-called *four-part* chorus really become an *eight-part* one,\* and yet probably never more than four or five singing at one time. Now and again this may be necessary or effective, but generally it is weak and pedantic. A *really* good master can produce the finest effects conceivable from four or five real parts. Yours truly,

Glasgow, Oct. 4.

D. BAPTIE.

[\* That is to the ignorant—for "parts" however multiplied are but "parts" after all.—Dr Btidge.]

### Pips from "Punch."

FLOWERS of speech? No; some speeches of Flowers', at Bow Street.

THE REAL *Piece at any Price* PARTY.—The man who pays a fancy figure for a stall.

QUITE OUT OF PLACE in the PROGRAMME of a TEMPERANCE *Fête*.—Performance on a *tight-rope*.

THE LATE MR F. E. L. BARNES.—We are requested to contradict the announcement of the suicide, at New York, of Mr F. E. L. Barnes, formerly of the Royal Academy of Music, London. A private letter informs us that he was showing a six-barrel pistol to a lady, and, finding it loaded, was withdrawing the charges, when one of them accidentally exploded and thus caused his death.

Mdlle SARAH BERNHARDT returned to town on Saturday from her successful tour in the provinces, and will not appear on the stage in Europe again until after she comes back from the United States. She sails on the 16th instant in the *Amérique* from Havre. Mr Henry F. Gillig, of the American Exchange in London, intermediary for Manager Abbey of New York, has this week placed in the actress's hands a large sum of money; and it is to be hoped Mr Abbey may reap a handsome profit from his bold speculation. The rumour that Mdlle Bernhardt's costumes had been seized at the New York custom-house had no foundation. The thirty new dresses which she takes with her have not yet left the dressmakers. She says she requires forty dresses in all. For her opening night in America she would prefer to appear in the *Sphinx*, or the *Dame aux Camélias*, rather than in *Adrienne Lecouvreur*, but will be guided by the advice of her manager.—*Parisian*, Oct. 7.

### TWO UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF HECTOR BERLIOZ.\*

(Concluded from page 632.)

On the 25th June following, Hector Berlioz wrote to Strauss, then residing at Vichy:—

"MY DEAR STRAUSS,—The business is all right and going on as well as could be desired; but I am anxious about the second concert, and there are a host of details even for the first, which render your absence very unfortunate. Let me beg you to come back and engage your band as soon as possible, and help me at the rehearsals which are going to begin. This is of the greatest importance. Habeneck (as we might have expected) has got up his little bit of opposition; his band consists of seven persons, and we are already more than 900!! It is very funny. You know that the town of Lille sends a contingent of its best artists, who will come at their own expense to take part in the performance. Try and get some one from Lyons (it would have an excellent effect), and even from Moulins and Dijon. Good-bye. Get rid of your water-drinkers as soon as possible and come up, for I want you. Kindest regards.

"H. BERLIOZ."

"At last," says Berlioz in his *Mémoires*, "my Musical Exposition came off not only without accident, but with brilliant success and the approbation of the immense numbers who were present. As I was leaving, I had the sweet satisfaction of seeing the collectors of the 'droits des pauvres' engaged in counting on a vast table my receipts. These amounted to 32,000 francs; the gentlemen took an eighth of this sum, that is 4,000 francs. The receipts from the concert of dance-music, at which my partner, Strauss, conducted, two days afterwards, were more than mediocre; to cover the expenses of this entertainment, which was anything but a success, it was necessary to take from the grand concert what was wanting, and thus, in the end, after undergoing so much trouble, incurring such risk, and getting through so much work, I had as my share a receipt for 4,000 francs from the collector of the 'droit des hospices,' and a clear sum of 800 francs. The attendance of the police alone cost 1,238 francs!"

We cannot leave Hector Berlioz without mentioning the extremely interesting anecdotal articles written about him by that clever Academician, Legouvé. They first appeared in the *Temps* newspaper, and are now being reproduced in countless other papers at home and abroad. The series is not yet concluded, but from the anecdotes already published we will select that which follows and which relates to Thomas Ritter, one of the great pianists of the time:—

One day, some foreign pianist or other, the inventor of some new method or other for his instrument, called on Berlioz and begged a notice. Berlioz treated him rather roughly. The pianist became more pressing. "Put my method to the proof." "Very good! I will. I will send you a boy who wants to be a pianist despite of me, despite of his relations, and despite of music itself. If you succeed with him, I will give you what you want."

Whom did he send? Ritter. Ritter, whom he charged carefully to conceal his talent. After two lessons, he met the inventor. "Well," he inquired, "how about your pupil?" "Oh! he is very thick-headed and very heavy-fingered. I do not despair, however," was the reply. Soon afterwards there was another meeting. "Well?" "Oh, we're getting on, we're getting on." "I will come and hear him tomorrow at your place." The next day, Berlioz went. He whispered to Ritter: "Do all you know." The piece began; scales, shakes, and runs succeeded each with wild profusion! The reader may imagine the stupefaction of the poor inventor and Berlioz's bursts of laughter, as likewise his really diabolical joy when he said: "It's Ritter! It's Ritter!" The unhappy dupe had only strength to reply: "Oh! Monsieur Berlioz, how could you play such a cruel trick on a poor man who only asked you to help him in earning his livelihood!" With these words, he burst into tears. What did Berlioz do? He, also, burst into tears. He flung his arms round the poor fellow's neck; he kissed him; he begged his pardon; and, the next day he wrote an admirable article about him. Such was the man: his pen was sharp but his heart was tender!

The 14th November is fixed for the resumption of the Popular Concerts, Lille. Massenet's oratorio, *La Vierge*, will be performed under his own direction on the opening night.

\* From *Le Ménestrel*.

A LAST WORD (FOR THE PRESENT) WITH THE  
DUKE OF MUDFORD, K.G.

If I were not only a great duke, but the bearer of a great historic name—the descendant of patriots and statesmen—of men who held even their precious lives as nothing when weighed against the public good; if I had been selected by my Queen for the highest decoration it is in her power to bestow; if I had boundless wealth, and all the influence which springs naturally from money and title, I would not live a worse than useless life—a pestilential existence; I would not stand in the eyes of my fellow-men—I would not go down to posterity—as the lord of muck—the great owner of a leviathan nuisance; I would try with all my heart and soul to leave this miserable world a little better than I found it; I would cast off my hiring agents; I would turn a deaf ear to parochial and official toadies, who fatten on every public pest and scandal, and leave others, like myself, to bear the blame; I would not eat, drink, or sleep until I had descended into the lowest depths of my filthy property; I would listen to the blasphemy of the struggling crowd; I would smell the stench, I would watch the green and slimy gutters—the vegetable refuse baking in the sun; I would beard the demon typhoid in my den, and in twenty-four hours, at whatever cost, I would sweep this mass of corruption from the heart of London.

If I closed my palaces, if I discharged my gamekeepers and sold my hunters, if I mortgaged my land and pawned my pictures, if I had to live upon a pauper's diet, I would buy up or strangle "vested interests," I would let in light, and air, and water into the darkest corners of my property, and what my ancestors left me as mud, I would leave to my successors as marble. I would not use my "rights" and my position to ride rough-shod over the population of the largest city in the Universe. I would try to be a blessing, instead of a curse, to London. I would not wait to have things done in a tempest of popular wrath, which I have the power and feel I ought to do myself as a matter of simple justice. I would act, in short, not as a wretched Duke of Mudford, but as one who was worthy to bear the greater name of Russell.

Junius Punch.

## A FADED ROSE.\*

Flowers I bring on her tomb to lay;	Jewels of earth of celestial hue
Flowers soon like her a-dying;	With Heaven's own azure vyeing,
Flowers the fairest that find I may,	A forget-me-not cross I have woven
At the earliest dawn of each summer	of you, [bearing it too
day,	For the cross that she bore, I am
Where the Rose of my life is lying.	Where the Rose of my life is lying.
Lilies, the dearest of all to me,	
In a crown your blooms I am tying;	
For oh! my Darling was fair as ye,	
And a crown she now weareth far, far from me	
Where the Rose of my life is lying.	

\* Copyright.

JETTY VOGEL.

OFFENBACH.—The death of Jacques Offenbach, although it may not create a void in the domain of musical art properly so-called, will certainly leave one in that of public amusement regarded from a standpoint distinct from the common. That he was a man of original genius must be admitted on all sides. To insist, however, as certain critics have insisted, that, had he looked at his art more seriously, he might have been a second Adolphe Adam, is, in one sense, as absurd as to insist, as some, more outspoken, have insisted, that he might have been a second Auber, in another. Offenbach was as superior to the former as he was inferior to the latter. He possessed marked individuality, which cannot be accredited to Adam, who may be said to have nourished himself more or less upon the rinsings of Auber's bottles; but he did not possess, even in accordance with his adopted method, anything near the finished art of Auber, to which, with his imperfect training, he could never possibly have attained. He did enough, however, to make himself a prominent figure in a special sphere of art-productivity. There is merit enough in his *Orphée aux Enfers*, *La Belle Héloïse*, and *La Grande Duchesse de Gérolstein* to enable him to keep possession of the stage, after a certain fashion, for many years to come; but whether the tendency of his operas is for good, and whether the extinction of the school which he originated would

not be rather a public benefit than a public loss, are wholly different questions. Into historic details of his life and artistic career it is needless to enter. Several of our contemporaries have done that so copiously as to leave us nothing to add, unless it be a protest here and there, which, after the pains they have taken, would show scant courtesy. It seems, nevertheless, to be forgotten that exactly twenty years ago Offenbach, with the prolific Scribe as one of his associates, produced, at the Opéra-Comique, a three-act opera, entitled *Barkouf*, the hero of which is a bull-dog. This production was denounced by Soudo, in the *Révue des deux Mondes*, as a "chiennerie en trois actes," and mercilessly criticised by Hector Berlioz.—*Graphic*.

ALEXANDRA PALACE.—The series of concerts given by Mr W. F. Taylor and his youthful family (Misses Ida and Edith, aged respectively 13 and 7, and Masters W. F. and C. H. Taylor, aged 11 and 9) are concluded. Among the vocal pieces at the last concert were two compositions by Mr Taylor—"I heard a spirit sing," and "Come let us be happy to-day," sung by Master W. F. Taylor, as well as "The ties of friendship," a duet from Sir Julius Benedict's *Crusaders* (1846), sung by Masters W. F. and C. H. Taylor, and encored. The instrumental pieces played with much spirit by Miss Taylor and her brothers, comprised Haydn's Trio in G. for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, with an arrangement of the overture to *Tancredi*, and some English and Spanish dance tunes in which Miss Edith played the tambourine with a due sense of the importance of her task. The "vocalists" were the Messrs Carpenter—the elder Carpenter singing, with a humour all his own, "Widow Malone," the younger Carpenter a new ballad, "The sunshine of a smile," with a sentiment all his own. It may not be out of place to state here that on Sunday evening, Oct. 3, at the Italian church, Hatton Garden, Master W. F. Taylor, accompanied with full orchestra, sang all the treble music in Rossini's *Stabat Mater*.

VIOLINISTS OF A BYGONE DAY.—The recent death of Ole Bull has severed another, and almost the final, link in the chain that bound certain popular violinists of the past and present together. There can be no question that a vast difference has arisen between the musical heroes of our grandfathers and those who now appeal to the enlightened audiences of the Monday Popular and Crystal Palace concerts. Forty years ago violinists who played the quartets of the old masters, or the concertos of Beethoven, Kreutzer, Viotti, and Rode, found a sympathetic hearing only in one or two select concert-rooms, or in the houses of cultivated dilettanti. By the general public they were regarded with an awe, resembling that with which we look upon a "blue stocking," or a scientific lecturer at the Royal Institution—beings not to approach without consideration of the consequences. What our immediate ancestors (not trained musicians), rejoiced to find in a violinist was a capacity for the marvellous; the power to execute *tours de force*; to do as much on one string as on four, and, generally speaking, produce effects extraordinary for the uninitiated. By feats of this description the violinists of the early part of this century won fame; they might be capable of executing classical masterpieces, but to please the public at large, they had to employ other means. Paganini, the most wonderful of such performers, was an obscure musician at the Court of Lucca, until he essayed the single string, harmonic, and *pizzicato* passages, of which he afterwards became so renowned a master; thenceforward his fortune was assured. Paganini almost always played his own compositions, and "although he occasionally indulged in quartets of Beethoven with amateurs, at Milan," Dr Phipson tells us, "he could produce little effect by such manifestations of his talent." Ole Bull was an imitator of Paganini. The writer just quoted says of him, "There can be no doubt that *descriptive music* was that which Ole Bull endeavoured to make his speciality. . . . It was the *Huldra*, the legends of the North, that he endeavoured to reproduce by the wild strains of his violin; it was a stream of fairy melody, mixed with the harsh, discordant sounds of the surging elements." Among his compositions was *Et Gaeterbestig*, in which he endeavoured to tell his audience what he saw and experienced on a visit to a cow-keeper's cottage on the mountain! The ability thus to make the violin a medium for emitting extraordinary sounds, helped Ole Bull to fame and fortune. His peculiar talent even enabled him to add to his prosperity, whilst the growth of musical appreciation among the people was teaching them how to enjoy music of a superior kind. We do not deny, of course, that admirers existed in every generation for the true geniuses of the instrument, from Corelli, Pugnani, and Tartini to Viotti, Spohr, De Bériot, Ernst, Vieuxtemps, and Sivioli; but these were idols of the minority. It has been left for Joachim to see and illustrate a change in the musical taste of the general public, which none will presume to say is not healthy. Of such as Ole Bull, we may say with Othello, their "occupation's gone."—*The Citizen*, Aug. 2.

## LIVERPOOL PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.

(From the "Liverpool Post.")

The concerts of the Philharmonic society were resumed last night, when a warm greeting was accorded to the new conductor, Herr Max Bruch. The programme, selected with excellent taste, was charming in its variety, and bore testimony to the discretion of the directorate. The opening number was Beethoven's overture, *The Consecration of the House*, Op. 124, to which the orchestra did such justice as could not fail to please the most intelligent critic. Mr Edward Lloyd, whose refined and expressive style of singing is so acceptable to Liverpool audiences, sang Weber's "When the Orb of Day reposes" in a finished and artistic manner, his phrasing and superb articulation, coupled with a voice without a flaw, serving to strengthen his already great reputation in this city. Mr Lloyd's interpretation of an air from Gounod's *La Reine de Saba* was dramatic and impressive. In fact, all his efforts raised the enthusiasm of the audience.

The interest of the evening was centred in the first appearance here of the great French pianist, Mme Montigny-Rémaury. As an executant, the highest praise must be awarded her, her attention also to minor details (oftentimes overlooked by the majority of players) being at the same time worthy of notice. There is a warm spontaneity and a uniqueness in her style which seem to emanate from a natural and yet closely-studied intellectuality. Her magnificent rendering of the intricate A minor concerto of Schumann—a composition which is now looked upon as a kind of test piece for piano *virtuosi*—lent a new and ever-increasing charm to the whole, the middle movement, with its lovely and melodious imitations for orchestra and piano, and the breaking up and re-adjusting of the primary subject for piano solo, being listened to with rapt attention by the musical portion of the audience. The lighter pieces played by Mme Rémaury in the second part of the programme were still more keenly relished by the majority, the Chopin mazurka and the *bourrée* from Bach being more definite in form than Schumann's grand and important work. Altogether Mme Rémaury's debut in this city may be looked upon as a marked success.

The choral works were on the whole pretty accurately given, if we make an exception with the sopranos, at the commencement of Handel's anthem "Zadok the Priest." There was a want of balance in the reconstructed choir, the basses in the more florid passages being obviously weak. Mr W. T. Best, however, knowing so well the exact effects obtainable from the proper and judicious combination of orchestra, organ, and voices, served to give a solidity to Handel's chorus, which, had he been absent, would have produced little effect. Beethoven's ever-welcome Symphony in F (No 8) tested Herr Max Bruch's powers as *chef d'orchestre* in a marked manner. In the Schumann concerto there seemed to be a hesitancy, and a want of familiarity with the text, which disappeared when he assumed the *bâton* at the opening of the second part. His animation, and the intelligibility of his beat, were powerful aids in the performance of a work as characteristic of Beethoven as anything the great "Michael Angelo" of music composed.

—•—  
WAIFS.

Mr Joseph Maas has been singing at Rochdale and Blackpool with his accustomed success.

Mlle Gabrielli is engaged at the Royal Operahouse, Berlin.

A new theatre was opened on the 19th ult., at Freiberg, Saxony.

A musical journal, entitled *Le Do Mi Sol*, has been started at Verviers.

Franz Rummel, the pianist, will shortly again make his appearance in New York.

*Dinorah*, with Donadio as the heroine, has been given at the Liceo, Barcelona.

A paper called the *Neue Deutsche Musikerzeitung* will be shortly started in Berlin.

Saint-Saëns, accompanied by Paul Viardot, violinist, has left Paris for Madrid.

F. von Holstein's *Haideschacht* has been produced at the Stadttheater, Hamburg.

Anna Schimon-Regan, the *Lieder*-singer, will make a concert-tour this year in Germany.

M. Maurel will sing the part of Hamlet at the Pergola, Florence, with Donadio as Ophelia.

Signora Pozzoni is engaged to appear at Florence in *Carmen* and Auteri Manzocchi's *Stella*.

Mr Carl Rosa was in London on Monday, and left on Tuesday for Blackpool, near Liverpool.

The reproduction of *The Pirates of Penzance* at Booth's Theatre, New York, proved a big success.

Boito's *Meñatofele* will be ready for production at the Stadttheater, Cologne, in the early part of December.

Grau's French opera company opened in New York, on the 13th Sept., with *La Fille du Tambour Major*.

Mad. Torriani (Carl Rosa's Torriani) is engaged by Herr Max Strakosch for his opera season in America.

M. Staegeman, ex-manager of the Stadttheater, Königsberg, has been singing at the Theatre Royal, Hanover.

Jahn, of Wiesbaden, has accepted a permanent engagement as *Capellmeister* at the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna.

The first performance of Anton Rubinstein's *Demon* at the Stadttheater, Hamburg, is fixed for the 3rd November.

The Marquis D'Ivry, composer of *Gli Amanti di Verona*, has completed another opera, *L'Armurier du Roi*. (How good of him!—Rossini.)

Herr Hessler, director of the Strassburgh Theatre, is sole applicant for the management, which falls vacant in 1882, of the Stadttheater, Leipsic.

Th. Nachéz, a young Hungarian violinist, has been invited to play at the Gewandhaus Concerts, Leipsic, and the Philharmonic Concerts, Hamburg.

Hans von Bülow has been very active as a composer during the summer just past. He wrote, among other things, a Grand March and several choral songs.

The Philadelphia *Dispatch* says: "Man proposes, and woman often wishes he would not be so long making up his mind." (Hopelessly bad!—Dr Wittge.)

Professor Leschititzky, Mmes Norman-Néruda and Stepanoff, are engaged for the Philharmonic Concerts, Pesth. The series will commence in the early part of November.

Mme Essipoff and Herr Auer, the violinist, are engaged for some of the earlier concerts at Vienna. Mme Norman-Néruda will play at the Artists' Evening on the 13th November.

Imitating the example given, some eighteen months since, by Graßigna, Martini of Leghorn has re-set the libretto of *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*. The new version does not appear destined to eclipse Rossini's. (*Don Giovanni* will come next.—Dr Wittge.)

F. Florimo, Keeper of the Archives at the Conservatory, Naples, is about to publish the correspondence of Bellini, and begs all who possess letters or other documents written by that composer, to forward him the originals (of which he would take great care, and which he would return) or copies of them.—(Don't he wish he may get them?—Dr Wittge.)

## THE GOOD SHIP ROVER.\*

Caught in a gale on the coast of France,  
That burst on us like an avalanche,  
The Pilot said that our only chance  
Was to heave the anchor, and at once  
Set free the gallant Rover.

Our Captain feared not the rising gale—  
The ports were closed, not an inch of sail—  
"For," said he, "my crew will never quail  
"At lightning storm nor winter's hail,  
"Aboard the good ship Rover.

"The curling up of the crescent wave,  
"That looks to Jack like a yawning grave,  
"No terror has for my messmates brave,  
"They know, though the hurricane may rave,  
"They're safe on board the Rover."

Careering on through that midnight blast,  
Stout hearts, strong arms to the wheel were lash'd;  
But daylight broke through the storm at last,  
Now safe in the Downs our anchor's cast,  
Hurrah for the gallant Rover.

WESTAR.

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MIRA LA BIANCA LUNA (ROSSINI)—DUET ... ..	4 0

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